

I park between a Dodge van and a Volks rabbit thinking, Ernie would have understood and surely, Manolete, and all these people here ahead of me, already parked and in there waiting, getting ready.

I get out, lock the car and walk toward the gate. it is a telling and a beautiful day, and knowing the terror, the luck and the grace, I move deliberately toward the action the mountains up there like that hearing my footsteps as I walk on in.

KENYON REVIEW, AFTER THE SANDSTORM

coming off that park bench after that all night sandstorm in El Paso and walking into the library I felt fairly safe even though I had less than two dollars was alone in the world and was 40 pounds underweight, it still felt normal and almost pleasant to open that copy of the Kenyon Review 1940

and marvel at the most brilliant way those professors used the language to criticize each other for the way they criticized literature. I even felt that they were humorous about it, but not quite; the bitterness was rancid and red steel hot, but at the same time I felt the leisurely and safe lives that language had evolved from: places and cultures centuries soft and institutionalized. I knew that I would never be able to write in that manner, yet I almost wanted to be one of them or any of them: being guarded, fierce and witty, having fun in that way.

I put the magazine back and walked outside, looked south north east west.

each direction was wrong.
I started to walk along.

what I did know was that overeffusive language properly used could be bright and beautiful.

I also sensed that there might be something else.